

The Alembic

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Frontispiece: "Birdlets at Play"	<i>John F. Cavanagh</i>	
Our Chord of Music.....	<i>Joseph E. Devenish, Jr.</i>	5
Music (poem)	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	8
Chicken	<i>William J. Sullivan, Jr.</i>	9
On Essaying	<i>Eugene J. Sullivan</i>	12
Pangs of Muteness	<i>A. Smith</i>	14
"Submarine Terrace"	<i>J. Ford McGowan</i>	16
Winter's Dawn	<i>Max Czech</i>	18
Fog Night	<i>John H. Fanning</i>	19
Editorial		21
How Tones Have Changed!.....		23
Campus Chronicle		27
Bottoms Up!		35
Press Box		36

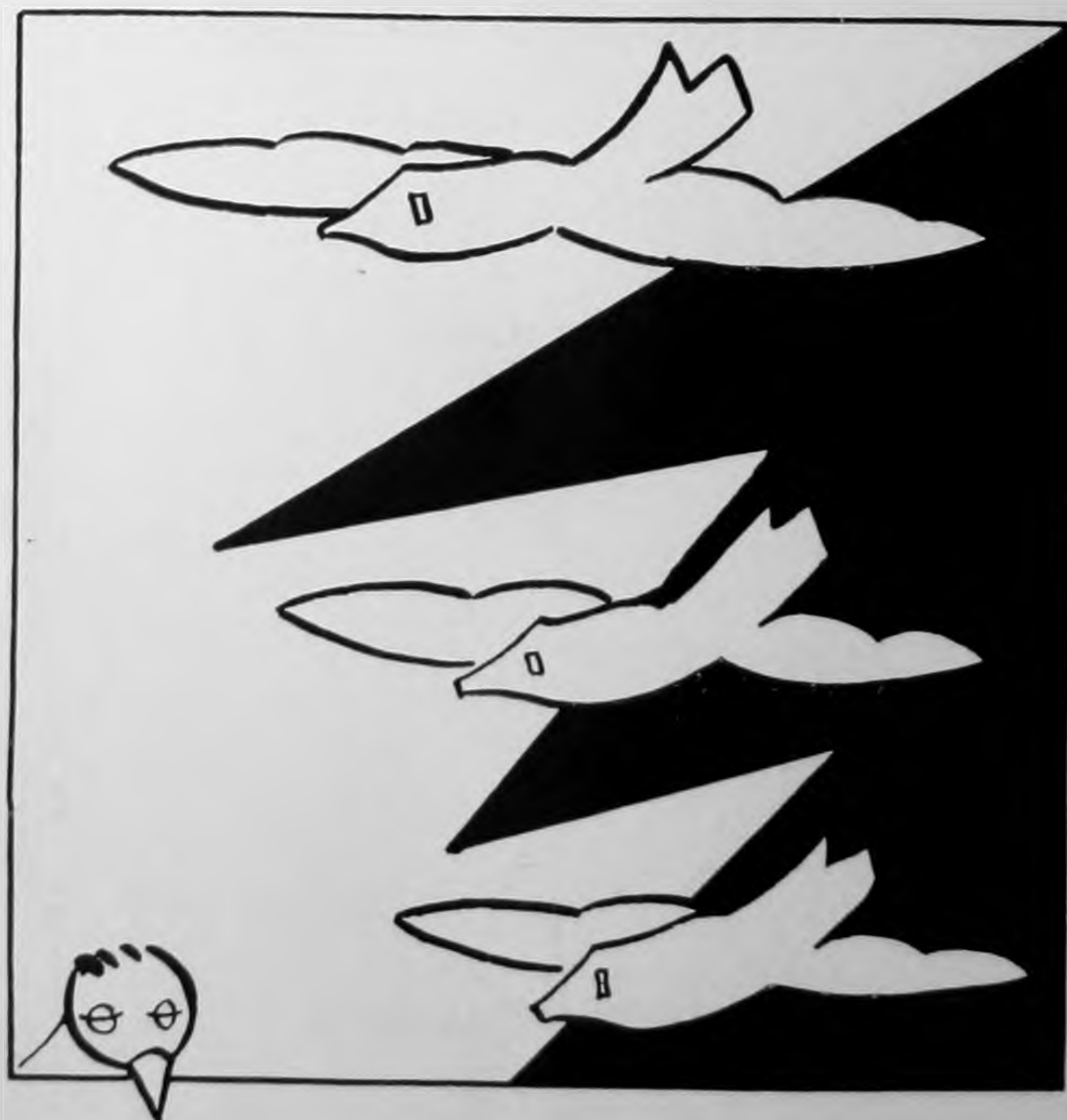
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The Alembic

Providence College



Published Quarterly
By the
Students of
Providence College
Providence, R. I.



our chord of music

"who in logical words can express the effects of music?"
t. carlyle

by
joseph e. devenish, jr.
'36

IT WAS in the Happy Springtime of our since dead year, during the invigorating season of rebirth and fecundity, when "heaven tries earth if it be in tune," that the idea of a College Philharmonic Society was conceived. Several energetic students with musical ability were gathered together in the *Tie-Up* sanctum, where all the grave and perplexing problems of civilization are discussed and definitely solved. The room was filled with smoke which curled from cigarettes rapidly being consumed. The topic of discussion suddenly, perhaps strangely, turned to the cultural. Some of the boys had been listening to broadcasts of noted symphonies. Immediately the reins of imagination were loosed, and the dream of a truly representative College Orchestra was delineated. At the time, they certainly did not realize what they had started. Inexplicable though it be the idea took root and became attractive. Naturally, there were not a few who smiled to themselves and considered such an organization to be a magnificent prospect impossible of realization.

Today we face the fact that our Philharmonic Society is a significant and well-established reality. The achievements on the air, at the College plays, debates, and dances, together with its success at all athletic events is plainly indicative that the members of the Society have surmounted that notion of impossibility.

It is true that the idea of the Philharmonic Society is

most engaging. The *raison d'être* of any musical organization possesses appeal, and the more so in College life. Look around at the collegiate activities of today. See for yourself the paucity of subjects which arouse and interest sufficiently broad in scope to be regarded as universal. Centers of attraction exist in certain spheres of study, but they are limited to respective groups. Athletics claim the interest of many, but actual participation in sports is restricted to the physically able. There is but one subject open to all, it would seem—and that subject is Music.

The question immediately before the student body is of a twofold nature. In the first place, does there exist in the Philharmonic Society an incentive sufficiently forceful? In the second place, assuming that answer to be affirmative, it is necessary to consider whether the College personnel is impregnated with a sacrificial enthusiasm sufficient to overcome the various difficulties encountered by every musical society.

Ernest Fowles has adequately treated of the first question:

"Music is the interpreter of the innermost thoughts of man. Interpretation has many forms, but that allotted to music is the only phase which reaches the remotest solitudes of the human spirit. Words are limited by their mechanism. The work of the painter is circumscribed by the unplastic nature of the impressions recorded upon his unalterable canvas. . . . It is Music alone which can enter into and make articulate the experiences of the inner life. Human history is studded with attempts to express this side of the life of Man. For all its greatness, painting is limited to the expression of one momentary experience. Poetry takes us further by articulating complete thoughts in succession. But no means hitherto discovered by Man,

save that provided by Music, has been able to express the momentary uplifts, the fleeting pinpricks of sadness, or passing hilltops of joy, which represent the progress of the human spirit along the effervescing line of Life."

The aim of the College ensemble is to interpret the master minds of musical writing. At present the effort is being concentrated upon the simpler themes of Schubert, Seredy, Litz, and others. But its goal is high. If it seems to be shooting at the moon and doomed to a lower plane, at least the mediocre level has been transcended.

Concerning the second question, let the students bespeak their own answers. There is one forceful medium by which collegiate *esprit de corps* and brotherhood is enlivened and quickened, and that is through personal communication, common to all, possible to all, and loved by all. Such is Music.



music

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I

I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More, oh, more,—I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain through every vein
Passes into my heart and brain.

III

As the scent of the violet withered up,
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

IV

As one who drinks from a charmed cup
Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,
Whom, a mighty enchantress filling up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

chicken

by william j. sullivan, jr., '36

there was a boy in college,
a football game, and a girl
. . . all mixed together and
not getting along so well,
until—

LOVE, they say, can move mountains. Well—I never saw that happen, but I did see it win a football game once by not showing itself. Sounds funny, doesn't it? Come to think of it, it was funny the way it happened. . . .

I've been running a drug store in this town, man and boy, for nearly twenty years, and it seems like I've known every kid that ever started in as a Freshman over at Ethan Allen College. They come in here for cigarettes and sodas, and I pick up enough bits of gossip here and there to keep pretty well posted on what's going on. Not that I'm a snooper, but when you live in a town that's practically supported by the College, you get to be interested in what the boys are doing, and you learn to keep your ears open.

The first thing you learn when you hit this little town is to hate State College with all you've got. The two schools lock horns on everything from parlor rugby to football, and especially the latter. Many's the rotten egg and tomato that's cluttered up the atmosphere just before or after a big game, and many's the bloody nose and black eye that's. . . .but I'm losing track of my story.

It was about five years ago—seems like yesterday—that Steve Morgan wandered in here and asked the way to the registrar's office at the College. He was a big hulking piece of beef, weighing close to 220, gentle as a deer and a face like a baby. Just to look at him you'd say there's a guy that never

harmed anything in his life—man, bird, beast, or insect. The boys got on to him right at the start, and although they all thought the world of him, they were always pulling gags because they knew he'd never strike back. He was that quiet and easy-going. That's how kids are—take advantage of a good fellow, and show all the respect they have for a mean one.

When time for Freshman football candidates to turn out rolled around, it was two or three days before he showed up. As he lumbered around the field, there was considerable comment among those who were watching. It looked like good material for next year, and since good timber was scarce at the College for the last couple seasons, the big boy attracted lots of attention. He was out for a guard position, and it looked like he'd be an asset to any line.

When the first scrimmage with the varsity was over, though, the comment shifted. In fact, it turned to laughter. Miller, a 160-pounder with no experience at all as a varsity player had pushed Steve all over the lot. And the big lump just took it and never pushed back.

Coach Murray is a tough little runt, and he was plenty disgusted with the whole outfit:

"All right, all right, sit down. You've done a grand days work—for a grammar school team! You're slow, you're dumb. You can't pass, you can't block," he bawled. "You let the varsity slip through your fingers like greased pigs. Williams, you ran straight into the tacklers every time.. Joyce, you didn't follow your interference once. And you, Morgan: where do you think you are, at a Sunday School picnic? The way you play, a team of Girl Scouts could run away from you. Now get this, all of you. I'm going to make football players out of you dummies if I have to grow hair on my

head.” (That was Murray’s favorite expression.) “Now line up. Morgan, you carry the ball, and the rest will tackle you. Get going, ‘Chicken!’ ”

It was a tired and sore “Chicken” that dragged himself home that afternoon. In fact, he remained pretty tired and sore and miserable for the rest of the year. The name “Chicken” stuck, too, and that didn’t help matters any as far as the kid was concerned.

He got the habit of dropping in on me now and then, and we got to chewing things over quite friendly. I always wondered what made a husky gorilla like him so ladylike in his actions on the field, but of course it was none of my business, so I kept my curiosity choked.

One night over a double chocolate frappe he told me about it, and the kid’s story made my eyes open wide. It seems he played football in high school, and loved the game. From what he said, I judge he was quite a terror, too. Never realized his own strength and just threw his weight around any old way. Once, though, he landed on a little fellow with such force that he nearly busted the kid’s neck. Didn’t mean to, you know, but the chap happened to be in the way, and crack! The victim survived all right, but it gave Steve such a scare that he vowed to lay off football for the rest of his life. One of those complexes, I suppose.

“I didn’t go out for the team at first,” he continued. “But the snappy Fall air, and the thud of the old moleskins, and the sweat and the grunting, and all the rest. . . .well, it just got me, I guess.”

I nodded. Football’s like that, when you really love the game. Anyway, he never quite got over his scare, and it just ruined his chances of ever making much of a player out of

(Continued on Page 46)

on essaying to capture the muse of the essay

"oh, for a muse that would ascend
the brightest heavens of invention,
oh—oh, for any muse at all."

by eugene j. sullivan, '37

"*H*ic jacet mens meus," and as the winds of discontent stir the shrouds that envelop my reasoning, snatches of a colossal struggle with approaching inanity are wafted from the past into my phantasy.

It is late afternoon of a damp autumn day. The leaves, scattered over the drooping landscape, cling tenaciously to the pavement. The suction of a passing car occasionally detaches one, demanding desultory attention, and reminding me, in its brief flight, of my own sad predicament. Dusk will soon demand that a convenient lamp be lighted, thus completing my misery. But for the present I remain seated at the window, now and then glancing at a badly mutilated sheet of paper lying before me, mute proof of my inability to perpetuate my appreciations of the better things in life. Blithe pedestrians, whistling their way to and fro on seemingly unimportant errands, stir within me an abject feeling of resentment at the fate which places me in this frame of mind.

Returning regretfully to my work, I stare uncomprehendingly at a desk cluttered with books, notes and blank pages, all partly concealed with a light covering of dandruff, which my hair-tearing activities have spread. This is my second attempt at essay writing. The first, presenting few difficulties because of the novelty, upon correction was found to be preg-

nant with errors, and as a consequence the thought surrounding this essayal has been at once more serious and arduous.

Time ceaselessly passing has drawn the shades of evening over the city so that before any progress can be made I am called to sup with the family. Realization of the wilful waste I have made of the afternoon overtakes me, sending me off to supper with a fixed idea of rushing back to conquer my Waterloo. The meal is little enjoyed and less beneficial owing to my upset condition, and with its completion comes the vague and uneasy feeling of impending nausea, for which my hasty gulping of the food is culpable.

Now is the winter of my discontent. Brooding over the stark realism of intellectual impotence, I begin anew. Chin set at a determined angle, nostrils distended and eyes wild with the fury of a cornered beast, I grit my teeth and hunch my back for another onslaught at Zeus. Now the hair-rending exercise has become intense in its ferocity, the effervescent flow of dandruff envelops me in a veritable snowstorm, through which my mother penetrates, moments later, with a Flit gun to see if all is well.

"Is everything all right?"

"Oh yes, everything is fine—all is just dandy, but what in the names of all the gods in mythology am I going to write about? Also, what the hell does this prof want for nothing?" But no, my stupidity cannot be blamed on the professor, he merely marks my efforts—AND HOW!!!

Instead of progressing, now I am regressing. The struggle is valiant, practically heroic; I turn the radio off, but, disliking that, I turn it on again. Still worse—so I turn it off and immediately someone decides they must listen to the Wheatenaville program. Positively entrancing. Then I storm out of the room and up the stairs to privacy. The wind, now risen to a mourn-

(Continued on Page 52)

in proper sequence to its predecessor, we present a plea for power to express. perhaps it echoes your own feelings at some time. at any rate, we consider it rather well-expressed in itself.

pangs of muteness

by a. smith, '38

I SIT at my desk, musing, and my mind wanders to various things. I see the beauties of Natures wonderwork, dream of numberless fantasies, live through heroic exploits. Oh, that I might have the power to express what I think and dream and imagine! I am, as it were, a mute.

To the geniuses, the buzzing of the bees or the blooming of the flowers meant inspiration which could be translated by the pen. To me they mean inspiration, it is true; but I am helpless.

Reading of the great masterpieces brings a wave of baffled impatience over me at my inadequacy of expression. Why can't I write such delightful and pleasing essays as Lamb? When Shelley viewed a cloud, it became a golden fleece. I attempt to express the inner heart, and find myself inarticulate. Why? Is it because I am prosaic in my tastes? I will not admit that. . .never! But why?

The art of expression, I have come to believe, is a heaven-sent gift, bestowed on those rare mortals who have cultivated the friendship of the gods. Their delicacy of observation, facility of retention, and fluency of description lie far beyond the normal barrier of attainment. It chagrins me to realize that they should have what we are denied.

The poet observes something that to us is commonplace.

He converts it by his skill into a thing alive, real, attractive. Burns once came upon a mouse. He thought not of killing it, nor of its repulsiveness. Instead, he looks down upon the mouse's home, ruined by his foot, and murmurs, "The best laid plans of men and mice often go wrong." That is genius. That is the quality rewarded by immortality.

Sit, if you will, by the fireside some day. The cold wind howls and the crystal flakes fall gently outside. Stare into the fire, and your mind is engrossed in thoughts of overwhelming beauty and magnitude. Blind Milton would capture the mood and translate it on paper. Thompson, sick and tubercular, would record his contemplations of the Divine. Lamb, mentally variable, would hand on his reverie to posterity. Where is your power? Are you, like me, doomed to meditate in silence?

Would that we could be removed from the dregs and placed in the vintage crop of the literary vine! Would that we, like Froissart, might "be great artists, knowing how to see and how to make seen"!





“submarine terrace”

by j. ford mcgowan, '35

WES BARTON—young, goodlooking, and athletic—sat at his desk and scowled over the papers before him. They represented the deeds to his practically worthless property on Shore Boulevard, to which he had come to refer as “Submarine Terrace.” Yes, he mused, he had been a chump to

buy land which lay under two feet of water eight months of the year. And since he had been stuck, why should he turn down any offers people might make to pay him good cash for the same property? Even if Phil was his fiancée's lazy ne'er-do-well of a brother—if Phil was anxious to invest his dough in Shore Boulevard lots, that was his affair. Sentiment—especially towards that shiftless young squirt—has no place in business. He rang for his stenographer to take a letter accepting Phil's proposition. "Submarine Terrace" would soon be converted into ready welcome cash for him. Funny, though, why Phil was so anxious to sink—and that was the word, "sink"—his money into swampland lots. . . .

"A Miss Barry to see you, sir. From the Ajax Engineering Company," said the girl who responded to his ring.

Annoying, these female representatives. "Tell her we have no engineering work to be done today—then come back and take a letter. Wait a minute!" Through the half-open door his eye caught a glimpse of shiny black hair and a peaches-and-cream complexion. "Show the young lady in."

"Good morning. Won't you sit down?" Seating himself and arranging papers briskly: "Nice morning—er—you wanted to see me?"

The girl was a knockout, he noted. A bit flustered; probably inexperienced at interviews. Nice—oh, very nice brown eyes. Oh, yes, she knew he owned property on Shore Boulevard. He admitted that he did; was just considering an offer to sell it. Did she know that, too?

Quick, dazzling smile. No, she didn't know he was about to sell, but it was lucky he hadn't yet, because her company—that is, the Ajax Engineering Company—had information that the value of Shore Boulevard property was about

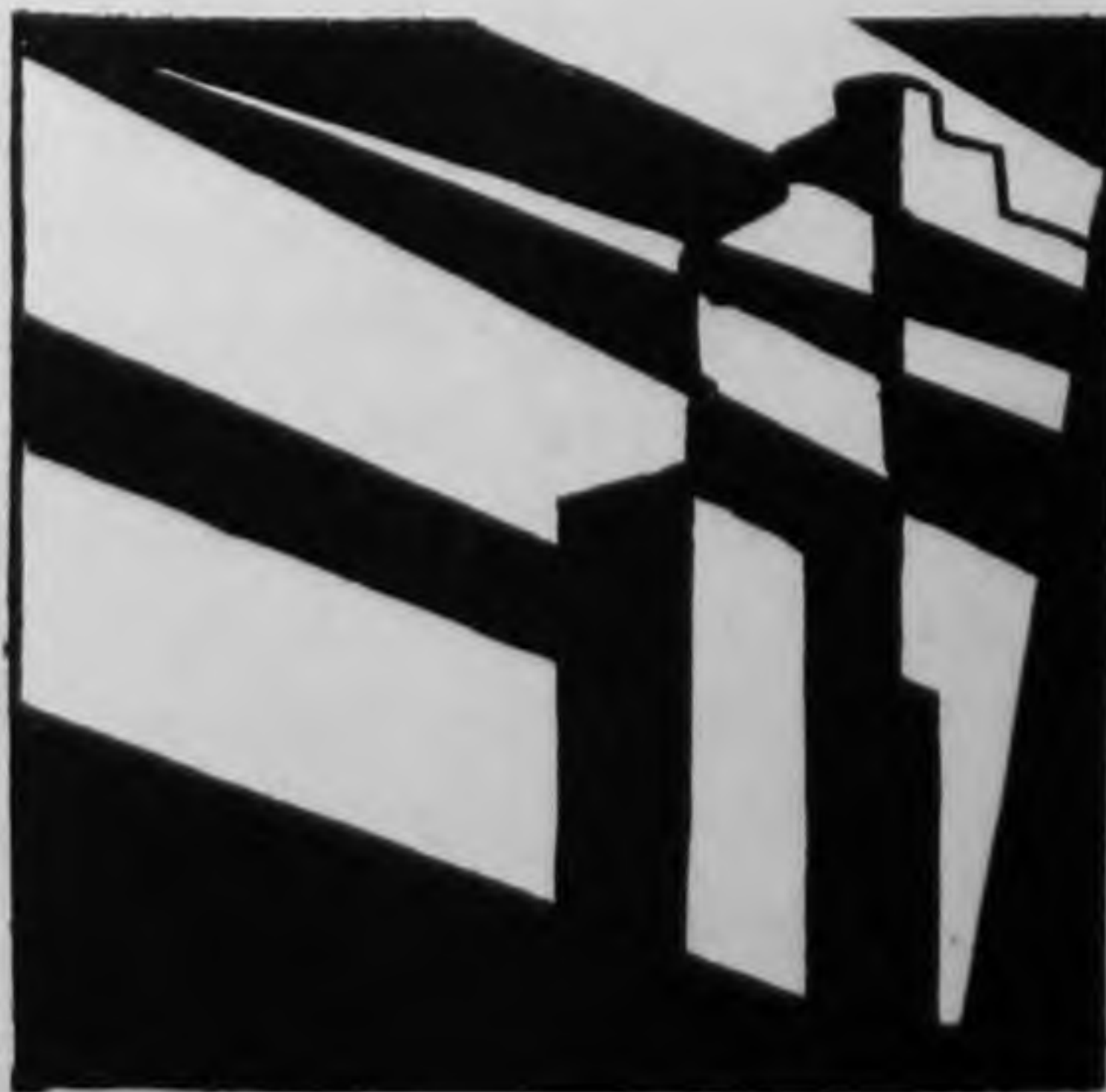
(Continued on Page 54)

winter's dawn-- an impression

by max czech, '38

SOMEWHERE far, there is a bright erubescant sun spreading its hot light. . .but far up the rising path, towards the fast-moving stormclouds that range compassless beyond the hill, where dim in a dull haze the path is lost, the sunlight is a pale cold opaque. High in space the busy wind rumors among giant clouds, finally to descend gustily upon naked shivering trees.

Subtly a black cloud turns with a silent sigh to pour shafts of dazzling sunshine upon the earth. All is silence. Then the last clinging dried-brown leaves rustle against rugged black limbs. The vigilant blackbird whisks a blot above everything. Confident and warm, hidden leaves stir in their hidden nooks, to be carried aloft in whirling disorder. The world is awake, and beholding the strange restless winter, shakes itself into activity.



fog night

here is an unusual descriptive essay . . . rich, colorful, rather subtle in treatment. we recommend it.

by john h. fanning, '38

THE NIGHT—thick and heavy with fog. Not clean, white, moving fog, but dead, smudgy, yellow fog. Like poisonous burning gas from the dregs of Hell.

In the cities, autos and trolleys are stalled; people fear to walk—to move is to court danger, for in the folds of this wet murky curtain, who knows what awaits the groping wayfarer? Perhaps a chasm would suddenly gape before one, and only a disturbed ripple of oily water would betray his fate.

Crime lurks everywhere; here a man cries out in alarm, his voice to be suddenly shut off in a smothered gasp. Moans of anguish come from unknown sources, betokening assault, collision, even murder.

Five hundred miles at sea: everything is blotted into one by the intense clouds of fog. A sullen surge to the waves, and a sigh in the rigging. Heavy tossing waves, tons of water. Angry, white foam, biting spray. Green rushing water in every direction. No moon, no stars—only clouds: heavy clouds, gray clouds, storm clouds that frown and threaten.

Looming out of the East, a tramp freighter homeward bound after eight months prowling the obscure ports of the world. Old, shabby—a mongrel cur of the sea. Once spic and span and gleaming, she is now rusty, paintless, dirty—yawning and creaking before the bluster of the wind.

From the West, proudly steaming her maiden voyage, a shiny new vessel. Sleek, perfect in every detail, she appears to be fairly overflowing with vigor and speed. As she slices through the water, only the lispings of her wake indicates motion. A beautiful sight, one of grace and craftsman's artistry.

Fog horns boom their warning, muffled, deadened. Closer and closer the two approach each other. Through the sticky, gooey fog they come—one heading out into the world, the other coming home. For one, life is just beginning; for the other, its end is near. Closer together they come, the one pushing and stumbling; the other streaming along majestically.

Crash!

A momentary rending and ripping, followed by rebound. They fall apart—one a shattered sinking hulk, the other scarcely bruised. Swirling billows of fog swallow up the scene. There is a gurgle of agitated water, then silence.

The morning sunshine dispels the fog, changing the dirty green water to clean blue and sharp white crests. Its beams fall upon two human forms huddled on a plank, drifting placidly. A sudden wave smashes against the spar, and it floats alone.

Marine Report

A2376: The S.S. Vulcan, on a maiden voyage: One day overdue in making port. Captain reports heavy weather conditions and fog which impeded progress. Complaint lodged with Admiralty Office concerning submerged derelict: Long. 20 degrees E., Lat. 55 degrees N. Slight collision. No lives lost. Slight damage.

The Providence College Alembic

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No. 2

You asked for it! At least, some of you did. You came into the sanctum, as we were sitting back at our comfortably littered old battered desk nursing typewriter-worn fingers after the last issue, and startled us out of our pleasant reverie:

So What?

"Why don't you pep up *The Alembic*—make it up to date?" you asked. "It's all very well to be literary, but a magazine should keep up with the times. . ."

Frankly, we were surprised. Were you intimating that we had not done our job well? Our trembling hands picked up a copy tenderly, caressingly. No—that could not be.

We had worked long and hard on that last issue, and when it went to press we had been proud of it.

"No offense intended," you assured us, "but try to make it a little more modernistic in form. Get away from the stereotyped makeup; be original."

When you left, we were engaged in serious thought.

* * * *

That's why this is what it is, you see. We turned the staff loose on this issue, told them to give full play to originality, and this is what they produced. Of course, the content matter didn't suffer any; we concentrated on the makeup of the magazine.

Maybe you like it, maybe not. Anyway, it's modernistic, it's original, it's only for this one issue—and perhaps it's even good. Who knows?

how tomes have changed!

realism and the short story form

by e. riley hughes, '37

THE MOST significant movement in the short history form in the past two decades has been that toward the realistic treatment and interpretation of life. The easy romantic acceptance of life as something to build plots around yielded to a sterner appreciation of human happiness and tragedy, an appreciation based upon truth and faithfulness to life as it is lived rather than as it can be imagined. It may be that this movement will be succeeded by one of romantic reaction, but the literature that follows the realistic movement cannot fail to be conscious of it or indebted to it.

Realism is simply the recasting of the heroic figure in fiction into the human mold and the heroic action into the everyday event. The realist knows that the significant drama of life can be found not in melodramatic moments, but, say, in the quiet perception of the nuances of emotion in a voice, a gesture. The quiet realities rather than the noisy unrealities have become the proper subject matter of the writer who seeks serious attention.

The influence of the realistic in fiction is easiest to chart in the short story. Here the comparative brevity of the medium itself and the easily apparent changes realism has made in its form as well as its matter, make it admirable for diagnosis. The first service of realism was to free the short story from the irksome restrictions of plot and stereotyped characters, the first step in making it articulate and vital as a form of artistic expression.

With the machinery gone and the puppets thrown in the discard, the short story was ready to take on a semblance to a transcription of human experience. But the fight was not yet won. The obvious flaws of the short story, its lack of imagination and the stereotyped thinking and expression permitted the author were equally as bad as the happy or the O. Henry twist ending. The short story had to be freed from a stagnation of vitality as well.

The realist injected vitality and sincerity into the new short story. His dominating principle was not so much truth to life, but truth to truth. And his vehicle, the new short story, was profoundly a divergence in insight and treatment and only superficially in manner. He investigated new fields of human experience; he broke down the elaborate and outworn taboos of our Victorian heritage. And from his efforts the short story has gained much sincerity and truth, its attitude has become uncompromisingly critical of much that is cruel, much that is dull in both the world of inner sensations and external experiences.

The insurgent story had, and still has, many faults. It is in great danger of becoming and remaining sprawling and formless, and worst of all, this formlessness is in danger of being formulated. Experience in handling the form can be calculated to change this. The new instrument, the short story of the future, will contain elements of both the old and the new school; it is to be hoped, the best of each. After all, the same words will have to be used, paragraphing will again be found necessary, and good solid writing will not be unknown.

Those who would decry the new story accuse it of being too determinedly profane, too insistently "artish." There is no doubt that many of the crudities of expression and treat-

ment which have recently crept in are not thoroughly justifiable. Coarseness can only be justifiable in the sense of social criticism and never per se. The story that strikes a pose is merely verbiage and not true narrative. But these are the heady excesses of those writers drunk with their new freedom, not examples of mature and sober craftsmanship. When the period of experimentation is over these excesses will not exist.

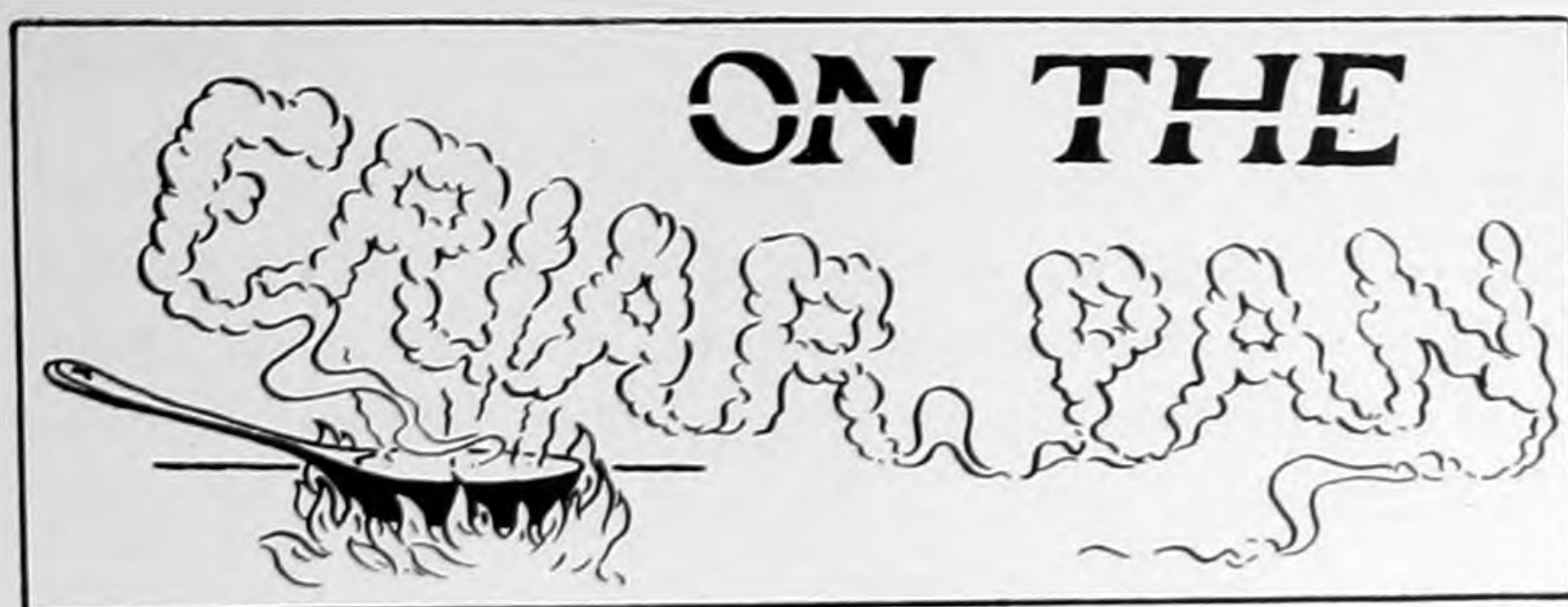
The short story has gone to psychology and sociology for subject matter with varying results. Some of these results have been case histories, interesting and isolated examples of human behavior and experience, but not universally vital or applicable. The only service these sciences can do the short story is to direct its consciousness and to aid its penetration. The short story can never become purely the sociological tract and remain a short story; a certain attention to light and shadows will justify its existence as a separate and independent entity.

Typical of the realistic attitude is its realization of adversity. Romanticism realizes adversity in the person of an individual or individuals as instigating the situation to be overcome; realism does not. In this instance, as in many others, realism is more complex. Circumstances, personal incapacity to overcome the obstacle, and a thousand other subtle and fine considerations enter into adversity as realism considers it. Therein lies the difference, a difference of penetration, of analysis, of interpretation.

It is not unfair to ask where realism is going. Present indications are that it is going a long way. Its crudities, its inconsistencies, its posing, and its mannered formlessness will be tempered; its range will be widened even more as Mrs. Grundy rejects the Victorian hypocrisies; it will reach a new

pitch because verbiage and second-hand thought will be largely eradicated, and the short story will emerge clean and new, not only as the short story of the present but as the short story of the future.





by joe dyer, '36

Youth is supposed to be most frivolous in the spring but it is a far cry to that season so we must content ourselves with giving you the various cavortings of our college men as they spend their time walking in various winter wonderlands.

A Football Hero

Leo Davin had his heart palpitator up for the R. I. State game and for the Soph Hop that evening. After the game he was walking slowly toward the bus, all muddy and bruised and pouring sweat. We saw her run past us, dash up to Leo, and standing on tip-toe she planted a dainty kiss on his forehead. Beautiful.

A Green Sweater

Vic Lynch, Frosh Jerseyite, has a Scotch girl acquaintance down in that much mosquitoed state and her name is Sophronia. And for Christmas she presented him a very bright green sweater, a product of her own knitting needles. Vic isn't very expert with knitting needles as yet so he bought her a compact or some such trivial thing.

Skippy

It so happened that Bart Skipp was along with a member of the faculty when that personage went to call on his sister. While the two were talking he was assigned the task of watching the baby to see that it did not get to crying, etc. All

afternoon Skipp amused the child with "kitchy-kitchy-coos" and "ticky-ticky-ticks" in a most tender voice. It's a wonder he didn't drive the baby into convulsions. Anyway, as the faculty member was leaving with Skipp his sister remarked:—"And I've never seen a young man that understood babies so well."

Slush

Paul Ryan, Frosh football captain is now calling signals for coach (Ann—not Chick) Meehan, and on Monday nights at that. . .Treat of treats: Ear tuning in on Captain-elect Omer Landry burning the tell-tale wires with someone called Muriel. . .John (House-party) Brown has them quite often at his house on Friday nights. However, only Sophs attend as upper classmen don't go much for affairs where cocoa, fudge, and ladyfingers prevail. . . Big Ed Snyder, Frosh line dreadnaught and his heart excitation are the center of all eyes at every function, be it boxing bouts, basketball games or dancing. It must be spring all year round for the blonde Edward . . .We're all out of breath running from Pete Gobis. It seems that last issue we told how he was haunting a certain house on Academy avenue whereas we meant to say Atwells. Champy (Jim Donnelly's) showed it to the Atwells avenue Miss and ever since its been zero weather for Pete.

Blush

Charlie Warren brought his latest with him to a recent session of the basketeers and he became so flustered because we were looking at him that he forgot he was a student here and bought two gen. adm. tickets, thus paying twenty cents extra trying to clothe his blushiness with nonchalance. . .John Gannon, that demure and mouse-like Junior, becomes Cab Callowayish the minute he hits a dance floor. Rhodes and Froebel often attract his fifty pennies and he doesn't sidestep

for anyone. What wouldnt Bob Lucey give for such an innocent countenance!

Hush

We're taking a chance of getting pulverized by telling this one but here goes. Ed (fullback) Sokolowski always makes sure of things, so New Year's evening he was out and he happened to stumble into a classmate. The evening wore on and he asked his companion what date the college reopened. "Why," exclaimed his quick thinking mate, "we go back tomorrow, didnt you know that?" Sok meditated for a minute and he replied that he didn't. So Sok broke away about two. The next morning at five minutes to nine he came running up the drive with all haste, his ears aching with the cold, and his arms loaded with books. He came puffing into a deserted rotunda and almost burst a blood vessel when he learned that classes did not convene until five days hence!

Mush

Louis Ragno has been writing a novel for a year. It is entitled *The Veil*. Of course I haven't read any of it but when one thinks of veils one thinks of those ancient mysterious Egyptian damozels. Naughty, naughty, Mr. Louis.

Crush

It's no longer E. Rhubarb, but rather, it's E. Hildur Hughes. That is the name of the girl that has him all skittish down in New Haven. And the other Sunday he had a book review in the Journal signed H. E. (her initials).

Charlie (I'm Mickey's boy) Gaffney, when kidnapped by State students and taken to Kingston thought only of her. He called up his boarding house and asked his landlady to get in touch with Mickey 'immediately' and tell her that he wouldn't be able to keep his date with her and that he was terribly sorry.

Red (the Macker) McCabe used drastic—or should we say aesthetic—?—measures to get his ire (ish) up during the recent Junior Class boxing bouts. Red told Joe Devenish to

hand him a note at the end of each round signed by his (Red's) girl friend. The idea being that he would be inspired. Just before he was pushed out of his corner for the final round he received the following note: "*Dear Red: Call me up in the morning and tell me how you made out. Joe Clair and I are leaving for Froebel. Pauline.*"

Three Lucky Pierre's

Tom Coffey—first a 'chorus boy' in the Frustrations—now a neck-tie salesman at Kennedy's. What next? Perhaps the ribbon counter in Kresge's or the French perfume counter at Carroll's, or even floor walker in some juvenile shop.

We found out just where Frank Donahue goes on those after-twilight walks (we told you about them last issue). Perhaps it might help some if we tell him that an ex-PC football captain might return some day and if he does Frank had better pull a Dr. Bigelow (disappearance act).

Jim Donnelly is still the 'champ.' However, we hope that she doesn't find out about that Edith Gerry dance.

Two Orchids

We wish to congratulate the Pyramid Players for their splendid production *The Risen Generation*. Which reminds us that during the play on the second night Eddie Hanson, Bob Carroll, and the Freshmen Harry Brennan, Trayers, Keliher, and Kelly, along with a most interesting character known as old Mr. Boston, had a fine time carrying on.

Then came those Alumnimaniacs in *The Frustrations of 1934*. Considering the labors of Dr. O'Neill and Co. it was not as well supported as it should have been.

Irony

The other afternoon on that program known as "Today's Winners" the commentator announced the following: "Washington and Jefferson College has voted not to play any contests with institutions that give athletic scholarships." Then he added: "However, their schedule for next year includes games with Pitt, Bucknell, and Grove City."

Classroom Titters

Mr. Dillon was asked the following question the other day in his English Literature class after giving a lecture on Milton: "Is it true, Mr. Dillon," asked one of the brilliant minds, "that Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* immediately after his marriage and *Paradise Regained* when his wife died?" Quick, Hauchecorne, the Absorbine Jr.

In another Lit Class one of the Sophs was asked what a shroud was. He confidently stood up and answered: "It's a house dress of some kind." That must be why they call them wise fools.

In the novel course a Junior when asked what the Gothic Romance was concerned with replied: "Why professor, that answer is obvious. It deals with the romantic souls of the Goths." That one was so raw we must add that Siwicki was the speaker of it.

A Friar Banner

Mrs. Lannigan is waiting for one more 'autumnal brown' warning card so she can complete her set of eight (two each year for four years) and make a banner for Leo's room at home.

Tid-Bits

Irv Rossi, on the way back from Pittsfield on the bus got off in Centredale, thinking all the time he was getting off at Academy Ave. . . . Jim (Huey Long) St. Germain has never worn a Tuexdo. Help is requested to aid him in getting into one for the Junior Prom. . . . Adamick, Reilly and Healy were dating it up with three New Bedfordites but it's all over now as Itsy Bitsy (Healy) and Noella have had a spat. . . . Arthur Costantino: A really talented youth at the piano but his vocals concerning music and fishing gives us eczema. . . . Bob Murphy and Brendan McMullen claim that they are merely out for the air when riding around in Bob's car nights. We've seen it stopped at several places though, but perhaps they were just out mailing a letter. . . . Whether they know it or not Paddy Morrison and Bill Sullivan are both corresponding with the same Peggy in New Haven. She is known to have said

to a good friend of ours that she has hopes of coming up to some dance with either one of them. Although after being at the Soph Hop we think that the gallant William is on the inside track; especially, after hearing of the news in their correspondence. . . . Note to Bill Thompson: That tomato that you were hit with several weeks ago was not thrown by a State student as you believed at the time. It was Constantino's car and Louis Ragno and Bill Sullivan were doing the hurling. However, most of the tomatoes never went out the window as the boys found out when they put on the light in the car. The upholstery was completely splattered with tomato where the boys had missed their aim and hit the window sill. . . . Eddie Hanson removed some bulbs from the Wickford community Christmas tree in a moment of reckless abandon. . . . Tom Hazell and Art St. Germain claim 'they' hailed from Pembroke but we saw them selling tinware at the five and dime the other afternoon.

Dumb, But Not So Dumb

Bob (Taps, Bugle Blower, State Riot hero, etc.) Lucey just reeks with news but the funniest one is the gag he pulled at a favorite rendezvous. Being all out of funds he played a deaf and dumb role and depended upon the pity he would excite to keep him going. And he made out more than well!

Off The Beaten Path

George Cusack became rash the other eve and threw his books to Joe (King) Curnane with the admonition that he intended to paint the town all rainbow colors. George came back the next morning yawning and retrieved his books. However, he's throwing them aside quite often now and we doubt if he'll ever be the same. The saying goes that once a wolf, always a little wolfish.

Hash

Gus Motta doesn't take the girl friend out to the arena to watch him play hockey in the amateur games because he thinks that the proper atmosphere does not prevail. Tsh. . . . Tsh. . . . Seymour Bedrick, gabby Junior, weighs almost one hundred and thirty pounds and yet he brags about his physique. What a misconception. . . . Nick Defeo, Brooks, and Doolan

sallied forth into a high school league since we last went to print despite the warnings of those who knew. Anyway, we see that they've become wise to themselves. Can you imagine them playng post-office and kiss-the-pillow? Well they did.

A Mistake

Irving Glazer went dancing with his fair one a not so distant eve. However, he made the big mistake of taking Abe Feit and Milt Bleiden with him. And he spent the rest of the evening gazing sourly at them while they took turns dancing with her.

An Artist's Conception

Jack Cavanagh was asked by Bob Carroll to make a pen and ink sketch of his girl from a photograph. Jack complied with the request and submitted the finished product to him. The following morning Bob came in looking rather glum and when asked by Cav what the trouble was he sourly announced that he had been given the gate.

Pete Lekakos also had one done of the walrus and threatened dire deeds to Ray Belliveau if he so much as touched it. However, he did let Ray take a peek at it from a distance.

Heater Peeper

How he ever got that name we don't know but that's the name that the lads have tacked on to Thomas Devine, a bewildered Frosh. It was he that ambled into the Dean's office prior to the yuletide recess and asked if he could have permission to go home. But he doesn't act so dumb when he goes over to the R. I. S. D. with the infinitesimal Ed Kirby.

What's In A Name

Paddy Morrison doesn't own a car, or at least he doesn't have one up here with him, but he manages to hold down the back seat of a lot of them. At least enough to obtain the moniker "Hold that tiger" Morrison. Jack Reilly (of trellis fame) went to a dance the other night. There's nothing unusual about that, we'll admit. The thing is that he knew the girl by sight but for the life of him he couldn't recall her name.

They used to call it the *Cactus Club* and Jack Maguire proved that the name was right by getting stuck down there.

It's closed now and Jack doesn't have to keep his promise of going down there and cleaning the place out.

The Last Round-Up

John Shields upset the apple cart, or should we say that a misplaced barrel upset him and sent him crashing into the metal lamp posts, thereby totally incapacitating his car. However, that fact has not hampered his operations among the 400 in Pawtucket. He and Skipp proved that they did not belong in that league when they disported themselves around the sink and have earned the appellation of "sink irish". . . . The next time that Gene Corcoran, Frosh, goes to Wightman's, he will find there a small stool that he can stand on and thus will find that his actions there will not be as inconvenienced as they were last time. . . . Frank Holden, basketball manager, has Mary come to all the games at the arena or at Harkins Hall. She has to come to the hall alone as the officious Frank cannot leave his men. Just before the game Frank will come over and keep peeking into the foyer. Then when he sees her he runs out, says peek-a-bo or something and with great dignity and hello's to anyone within twenty yards of them Frank proudly takes her in and explains for the fiftieth time that he won't be able to sit with her for his place is down with his men. . . . The next time you see Tom O'Connor at a dance take a look at his partner and then go out hitch-hiking because that's what he was doing when she came along and gave him a lift. Ever since Tom's been buying two seats for the theater instead of his usual one. . . . Bill McMullen couldn't wait for New Year's eve and did all his celebrating the night of the Met Club dance. However, when Bill got back to college he was surprised to find out that he had had such an enjoyable evening. . . . Incidentally, we must give a word or two of praise to the 'ram-nappers' Jack McGuire, Larry Walsh and George Kelley. The Ram has gone but the odor in the car lingers on.

Finale

And so we come to the end of a long and arduous task. However, perhaps the worst is yet to come. Hauchecone, fetch my cane and douse the glimmers, the show is over. And remember, Hauche, if the mid-years get me you carry on.

bottoms up!

breezy commentary on many things . . . in the champagne manner . . . light, frothy, scintillant . . . by that inimitable toastmaster . . . mal brown.

stepping in

to take up the space vacated when the oldest living grad felt his years too nicely to carry on the column he introduced last year. promises to aim at the standards set by olg but will demurely refer to himself as oldest living undergrad, that due credit or criticism may rain on deserving ears.

stepping out

with local flibbertigibbets afforded most of the matter for this effort, so gives stintless thanks to all who contributed scholia found herein.

presumes to recommend

satisfaction of a long-felt need at the college for a small club room wherein students might gather to discuss and mingle, thus promoting more fraternal spirit among them and bolstering up social side of education. hopes to live to see the day his dream will materialize.

giving counsel

to a certain junior who avers fervently that a woman's vows are only fit to be written on air or swiftly passing streams when she utters them to her lover. tries to restore faith in fairer sex for the boy. fails, ah, well.

an interview

this time the sec. of debating. sec. announces that c.u., johns hopkins, and stanford will travel their respective long ways here this season. is elated at prominence accorded local forensics enthusiasts, and urges more students and alumni to attend these profitable and interesting meetings.

bows his way out

with cautious eye on olg and anxious ear for reader's comment. promises to return if his debut brings no injurious repercussions.

press box

by bud murphy, '38

The New Deal in football for the first year reached its climax when the Friars defeated Boston College at Newton Heights for its first major football victory. This also marked the introduction of Providence College into "big time" football.

Combining speed and a deceptive passing attack, Providence amazed even its most ardent supporters in winning. The results of this game speaks well for Coach Joe McGee and his assistants, who were faced with a difficult problem when the season first opened.

The summary, lineup and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE	BOSTON
COLLEGE (13)	COLLEGE (7)
Gill, l. e.	l. e., Furbush
Adamick, l. t.	l. t., Ohrenberger
Lepre, l. g.	l. g., Couhig (C)
Feit, c.	c., Toomey
Kutneski (c), r. g.	r. g., Pzenny
Davin, r. t.	r. t., Galligan
Lawler, r. e.,	r. e., O'Brien
Belliveau, q. b.,	q. b., Moynahan
Soar, l. h. b.,	l. h. b., R. Curran
Sloan, r. h. b.,	r. h. b., J. Curran
Vitullo, f. b.	f. b., Brennan

Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Providence College	0	0	6	7—13
Boston College	0	0	7	0—7

Touchdowns: Providence College—Vitullo, Sokolowski. Boston College—R. Curran. Points after touchdown: Providence College—Belliveau (Soar). Boston College—Pzenny.

Substitutions: Providence College—Hagstrom for Lawlor, Landry for Belliveau, Belliveau for Sloan, Gobis for Gill, Hammond for Belliveau, Sloan for Hammond, Healy for Sloan, Sokolowski for Healy, Bauzan for Adamick, Abrams for Feit, Borboras for Lepre.

Boston College—Mahoney for Furbush, Gillman for Obrenberger, Owens for Cauling, Donahue for Toomey, Keough for Donahue, Zaitz for Pzeny, Couhig for Galligan, Anderson for O'Brien, Flaherty for Moynahan, Driscoll for R. Curran, Fedenzi for Tottolini, Caroselli for Brennan.

Referee—W. J. Prendergast. Umpire—W. H. Shupert. Field Judge—J. N. Young. Linesman—W. J. Volk. Time of periods: 15 minutes.

The feature of the game was the passing play of Hank Soar and the strong offensive power of the Friars.

Providence Versus Niagara

With an optimistic feeling prevailing among the squad because of the recent Boston College victory, the team embarked for Niagara University. Previous encounters between these two institutions have been extremely close. With the inexperienced men rapidly becoming part of a smooth working eleven, a Providence victory was anticipated on the basis of its past performances.

Line-ups, summary and substitutions, follow:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE (0)					NIAGARA (7)				
Gill, l. e.				l. e., Tierney				
Adamick, l. t.				l. t., Kossa				
Lepre, l. g.				l. g., Lorenzi				
Feit, c.				c., Rees				
Kutneski, (c) r. g.				r. g., Petit				
Davin, r. t.				r. t., Shields				
Hagstrom, r. e.				r. e., Phillips				
Belliveau, q. b.				q. b., Korach				
Soar, l. h. b.				l. h. b., Festa				
Keegan, r. h. b.				r. h. b., Keegan				
Vitullo, f. b.				f. b., Wright				
Score by periods	1	2	3	4				
Providence College	0	0	0	0—0				
Niagra	0	0	7	0—7				

Touchdowns—Dunn. Points after touchdown: Niagra—Dunn (pass from Korach).

Providence substitutions: ends, Banahan, Gobis, Lawler, Curnane; tackle, Brogan; guards, Boboras, Lekakos; centre, Abrams, Morrison; quarterback, Landyr; halfback, Hammond; fullback, Koslowski.

Niagara substitutions: end, Kutser; tackle, Lucas; guards, Kinnane, Healy; quarterback, Brady; halfback, Dunn, Kautak.

Referee—Powell (Syracuse). Umpire—Slohm (Columbia). Head linesman—Ailinger (Buffalo). Time of periods: 15 minutes.

Faced with the difficulty of playing on a muddy field and against a strong wind, the Friars saw their chief weapon, which is a passing attack fade, and their chances for victory halted. With breaks playing an important role the Providence College boys finished on the short end of the scoring.

Providence Versus Lowell Textile

With the surprise defeat at the hands of Niagara still clear in their minds, the Friars invaded Lowell on Armistice Day to renew their long standing rivalry. With both teams evenly matched, a rugged battle was anticipated.

The summary, line-ups and substitutions, follow:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE (34)	LOWELL TEXTILE (0)			
Gill, l. e.	l. e., E. Grossman			
Bauzan, l. t.	l. t., Welch			
Boboras, l. g.	l. g., Griffin			
Abrams, c.	c., Connolly			
Kutneski, r. g.	r. g., Cowan			
Davin, r. t.	r. t., Baranowski			
Hagstrom, r. e.	r. e., Bogaz			
Belliveau, q. b.	q. b., Curtin			
Soar, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Bassett			
Sloan, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Athanas			
Sokolowski, f. b.	f. b., Kopatch...			
Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Providence College	7	14	13	0—34
Lowell Textile	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns: Providence College—Hagstrom, Soar, Sokolowski, Belliveau, Lefebvre. Points after touchdown: Providence College—Gill (Soar), Sokolowski, Lawler (Soar), Lefebvre.

Substitutions: Providence College—Feit for Abrams, Gobis for Gill, Lawler for Hagstrom, Angelica for Belliveau, Lekakos for Boboras, Nelson for Gobis, Banahan for Lawler, Smith for Davin, Morrison for Feit, Lefebvre for Soar, Vitullo for Sokolowski, Boboras for Kutneski, Sullivan for Davin, McHenry for Lekakos, Breault for Morrison, Angelica for Sloan, Burke for Belliveau.

Lowell Textile—Allard for Bassett, Harwood for Cowan, Wilkinson for Griffin, Griffin for Athanas, Dick for Griffin, Paige for Basanowski, Thomas for Bogacz, C. Grossman for E. Grossman.

Referee—J. Duffy. Umpire—W. Crawford: Linesman—G. Pike. Time of periods: two 15 minutes, two 12 minutes.

Displaying its most powerful attack of the season, Providence rode roughshod over a lighter yet veteran Lowell Textile eleven. With each member of the squad seeing service, the team functioned in a smooth manner.

Providence Versus R. I. State

The Rhode Island State game was played at Brown Stadium after the Cycledrome had been condemned. This act of good sportsmanship on the part of Brown University officials tends to show the feeling which is being exercised among Rhode Island Colleges.

Both teams prepared diligently for the game since it was the objective game for both teams. It also marked the renewal of relations between the two institutions, one that had been severed over a decade ago. With many attending, the game was played under perfect weather conditions.

Summary, line-ups and substitutions, follow:

PROVIDENCE (21)	RHODE ISLAND STATE (7)			
Gill, r. e.	l. e., McCarthy			
Davin, r. t.	l. t., Prusaczyk			
Kutneski, (c) r. g.	l. g., Rotenberg			
Feit, c.	c., Moss			
Borboras, l. g.	r. g., Duksta			
Adamick, l. t.	r. t., Prybyla			
Hagstrom, l. e.	r. e., Trumpetts			
Landy, q. b.	q. b., Fisher			
Belliveau, r. h. b.	Wright, l. h. b.			
Soar, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Mantenuto			
Vitullo, f. b.	f. b., Mudge			
Score by periods.....	1	2	3	4
Providence College	7	7	0	7—21
Rhode Island State.....	0	0	7	0—7

Touchdowns: Providence College—Soar, Vitullo, Borboras.
Points after touchdowns: Providence College—Belliveau 3. R. I. State—Messina, Fisher (line plunge).

Substitutions: Providence College—Bourzan, Banahan, Gobis, Abrams, Lepre, Lefebvre, Lawler, Sokolowski, Sloan.

Rhode Island State—Koput, Mullen, Robertshaw, Lepper, Rabi-doux, Reardon, J. McCarthy, Keaney, Dolan, Souther.

Referee—E. E. Allen, Springfield. Umpire—W. S. Connell, Tufts. Linesman—F. W. Lewis, Salem, Mass. Field Judge—W. J. Pendergast, Colby. Time of periods—15 minutes.

Unleashing a powerful passing attack, Providence College submerged Rhode Island State, 21-7. The team clicking with remarkable precision showed without doubt that football at Providence College is on the upward trend.

Providence College Frosh (6) Vs. Dean Academy (18)

With the lack of reserves playing an important part the Freshmen weakened at the end after making a fine showing.

Providence College Frosh (12) Vs. Harvard Jr. Varsity (14)

Playing against much heavier opposition the freshmen gave an excellent exhibition of aggressiveness. With the ball on the ten yard line after an advance of sixty yards, time expired, leaving hope of victory gone.

Providence College Frosh (18) Vs. R. I. State Freshman (6)

The Freshmen working as a unit for the first time bowled over the Freshmen Rams as the renewal of their football rivalry was begun. Bill Moge and Leo Ploski were outstanding for Providence on the offense, while Captain Ryan excelled in the line.

Joe McGee completed a most satisfactory season as the head coach of Providence College football team. While the schedule was a very ambitious one and the veterans were few in number, the results were received with great popularity among the student body and Alumni.

Captain Kutneski proved his ability as a leader by his tireless efforts and uncanny judgment. With the team composed mostly of sophomores, the outlook is very bright for the coming year. Providence College's New Deal in football has been a success.

Omer Landry, a native of Pawtucket, was unanimously elected Captain for the season of 1935. He has been a regular since his freshman year, playing quarterback and halfback. His record both athletically and scholastically have been outstanding during his three year stay at Providence College.

BASKETBALL

"General" McClellan is faced this year with the task of rebuilding a basketball team which must meet major opposition from the beginning of the season through to the end. Captain Bill Kutneski and Abe Feit are the two remaining veterans. The General hopes to find some valuable material among the Sophomores, since last year's freshman team was undefeated. Among the outstanding candidates at the present time are Captain Kutneski, Feit, Madden, Hagstrom, Gallagher, Smith, Belliveau.

Providence Versus Harvard

The Friars picked up just where they left off last season by drubbing a highly touted Harvard University five. The accurate shooting of P.C. left the visitors helpless.

The line-up follows:

PROVIDENCE (45)				HARVARD (21)			
	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Carew, r. f.	4	1	9	Kollin's, l. g.	1	1	3
Gall'her, r. f.	1	0	2	Masses, l. g.	0	0	0
Davin, r. f.	0	0	0	Tittman, l. g.	0	1	1
Hagstrom, l. f.	4	1	9	Fletcher, r. g.	0	0	0
Bleiden, l. f.	1	0	2	Gray, c.	2	1	5
Morrison, l. f.	0	0	0	Morse, c.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	1	0	2	Grady, l. f.	2	1	5
Collins, c.	1	0	2	White, l. f.	1	2	4
Kutneski, r. g.	4	1	9	Lavietes, l. f.	1	0	2
Madden, r. g.	0	0	0	Bays, r. f.	0	1	1
Angeli'a, l. g.	0	0	0	Ernst, r. f.	0	0	0
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0				
Bostick, l. g.	4	0	8				
Belliveau, l. g.	1	0	2				
Totals	21	3	45	Totals	7	7	21

Referees: Clarke and Pauser. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Scoring honors were divided among Carew, Hagstrom, and Kutneski with nine points apiece.

Providence Versus East Stroudsburg

In a very closely contested battle, the Friars edged out the classy visitors in the last five minutes of play. The lead shifted several times during the evening.

The line-up:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE (51)				EAST STROUDS- BURG (40)			
	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Hagstrom, l. f.	6	1	13	Evans, r. f.	5	3	13
Carew, r. f.	7	1	15	Archer, r. f.	3	0	6
Smith, c.	1	2	4	Morgan, l. f.	0	0	0
Gallagher, r. f.	1	2	4	Williams, c.	3	2	8
Collins, c.	0	0	0	Marconi, c.	0	0	0
Feit, l. g.	1	0	2	Zook, l. g.	1	2	4
Bleidan, l. g.	0	0	0	McCulloch, r. g.	4	1	9
Bostick, l. g.	1	1	3	W. Morgan, r. g. ...	0	0	0
Kutneski, r. g.	4	1	9				
Totals	22	7	51	Totals	16	8	40

Referees: C. Schurman and J. Parker. Time: 20 minute halves.

Hagstrom and Carew were outstanding for the Friars, scoring 28 points between them.

Providence College Versus Yale University

The huge size of the Yale gym proved the deciding factor in the game at New Haven. After holding Yale even the first half, Providence weakened and the result was defeat.

The line-up follows:

PROVIDENCE (26)				YALE (41)			
	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Hagstrom, l. f.	3	0	6	De Angelis, l. f.	3	0	6
Belliveau, l. f.	0	1	1	R. Miles, r. f.	1	2	4
Carew, r. f.	0	1	1	T. Wilson, c.	5	4	14
Gallagher, r. f.	1	0	2	E. Wilson, c.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	2	1	5	Michaels, l. g.	4	3	11
Collins, c.	0	0	0	Watson, r. g.	0	0	0
Feit, l. g.	1	0	2	Kelley, r. g.	1	2	4
Bostick, l. g.	0	0	0	Larsen, r. g.	1	0	2
Kutneski, r. g.	4	1	9				
Davin, r. g.	0	0	0				
Totals	11	4	26	Totals	15	11	41

Referee, Degnan. Umpire, Cluney.

Captain Kutneski led the Providence attack with nine points for the evening.

Providence College Versus St. John's, Brooklyn

The Friars invading Gotham for their annual New York visit, ran into a pitfall at the hands of St. John's, Brooklyn,

who are long standing rivals of Providence in basketball. The failure of the P.C. boys to capitalize on foul shots cost them the victory. The line-up follows:

PROVIDENCE (37)

ST. JOHN'S (40)

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Hagstrom, l. f.	1	3	5	Kaplinski, l. f.	2	2	6
Bostick, l. f.	0	2	2	Joyce, l. f.	0	0	0
Belliveau, l. f.	0	1	1	March'se, l. f.	4	2	10
Carew, r. f.	2	4	8	Oeding, c.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	3	0	6	Maguire, c.	1	3	5
Kutneski, l. g.	3	1	7	Byrnes, l. g.	1	1	3
Feit, r. g.	0	0	0	Murtha, l. g.	0	0	0
Gallagher, r. g.	4	0	8	Carey, r. f.	0	0	0
				Gotkin, r. f.	5	6	16
				Leary, r. g.	0	0	0

Totals	13	11	37	Totals	13	14	40
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Referee—Ed. Shaw, E. I. A. Umpire—John Norton, E. I. A.

Time of halves 20 minutes.

Gallagher, Carew, and Captain Kutneski kept Providence in the running by their accurate shooting.

Providence College Versus John Marshall

Meeting John Marshall for the first time, the Providence five were the victims of a very smart and aggressive club. John Marshall made the most of its free shots, which the Friars were numerously handing out.

The line-up follows:

PROVIDENCE (26)

JOHN MARSHAL (44)

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Carew, r. f.	2	0	4	Matens, r. f.	5	1	11
Collins, l. f.	2	0	4	Bier, r. f.	0	0	0
Hagstrom, r. f.	1	0	2	Feczko, l. f.	5	5	15
Bostick, l. f.	1	1	3	Rosenbauer, l. f.	1	0	2
Smith, c.	0	0	0	Duggan, c.	1	1	3
Kutneski, r. g.	1	1	3	Maggic'ma, c.	1	0	2
Belliveau, f.	1	1	3	Pressman, r. g.	0	0	0
Bleidan, r. g.	1	0	2	Gottlieb, r. g.	2	0	4
Feit, l. g.	1	0	2	Dublier, l. g.	2	3	7
Gallagher, r. g.	1	1	3	Millen, l. g.	0	0	0
				Hzkowitz, l. g.	0	0	0

Totals	11	4	26
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Totals	17	10	44
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Referee—Kennedy. Umpire—Corrigan. Periods—20 minutes.

Captain Kutneski, continuing his brilliant play of past performances, was Providence College's standout.

Providence College Versus East Stroudsburg

Captain Kutneski and Gallagher stood out in the Friar lineup enabling P. C. to defeat the teachers for the second time within ten days. It also marked the 100th victory for Providence Colleg since Coach Albert McClellan began his regime.

PROVIDENCE (45)				E. STROUDSBURG (41)			
	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.		Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Hagstrom, r. f.	4	1	9	Evans, r. f.	2	3	7
Carew, l. f.	3	0	6	Morgan, r. f.	1	0	2
Collins, l. f.	2	0	4	Schechter, l. f.	0	2	2
Smith, c.	4	1	9	Archer, l. f.	3	2	8
Kutneski, c.	3	2	8	Marconi, c.	1	4	6
Gallagher, r. g.	4	0	8	Williams, c.	1	0	2
Bostick, l. g.	0	1	1	McC'lough, r. g.	2	2	6
				Zook, l. g.	2	4	8
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals	20	5	45	Totals	12	17	41
Referee—Morgan.				Umpire—Van Billard.			

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GO down to any railroad yard and see the idle cars being shunted over on a siding to make way for the swift-moving trains that are "going places."

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chicken

(Continued from Page 11)

himself. I had to promise to keep it to myself, but it just made my blood boil to hear the other lads razzing him.

Next season he made varsity, not because he was good, but because there wasn't anything better around. He played fair football, but it was only a sample of what he could have done if he forgot his tender-heartedness.

Then to make matters worse, he fell completely cuckoo in love. Honest, it was tragic to see that big hippo mooning around with nothing on his mind but Mary Dowling. He'd sit for an hour over a sundae, just looking off into space, with an expression on his pan as blissful as a calf in clover. It wouldn't have been so bad, but Mary was one of those All-American girls, with a string of fraternity pins on her waist as long as your arm. Everybody figured she was just kidding him along—that is, everybody but Steve and me. She used to tell me he was worth twenty of the rest if he only had a little “dash” about him, whatever that is. We were pretty chummy, having a common interest in the boy, as it were. She never let on to him, though, and of course I'm about as loquacious as a clam with lockjaw.

A couple days before the big State game, which was to wind up a mediocre season, he had her dated for the Rally Hop. Handsome as a circus horse in his form-hugging tweed suit and polka dot tie, he ambles up to ring her doorbell.

“Mary?” asks her mother, surprised-like. “She's gone to the Rally Hop with Jack Lowe. Was she expecting you to call?”

“Oh!” he says, and you could hear his face fall a mile away. “No, I guess not,” he lies, choking down a lump in his throat. “Thanks.”

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When he got to my place I could see he was all funny inside. "And Jack Lowe my best pal for two years!" he blubbers. "Gee!"

"I guess a stand-up from The Only Girl in the World is kind of hard to take," I says. "Have a malted flip on me." He waves his hand and starts to drag himself out.

"Maybe she thinks you oughta play harder," I offer, but he doesn't react. "Why don't you try the big hero stuff on her?" I persist. "Jack isn't such a hot player, but he shows up good on the field."

No answer. He just bulges through the door and goes home. That was the last I saw of him until the day of the game.

He was out there on the field, going through the motions with about as much enthusiasm as a rhinoceros chewing taffy, not even looking up at the stands. The poor kid looked as if he had a hundred pound weight tied onto his heart.

The game was an indifferent affair as games go. "Chicken" just seemed to roll over and let everything go past him. It was just luck and a lot of penalties that kept State from scoring in the first half. If the coach had anybody else even as heavy as "Chicken" he'd have put him in. The boy was just a lump of heartbroken muscle. You could see that it was more than his natural fear of hurting somebody that was holding him down; it was the sickening realization that The Only Girl had gone back on him. Honest, I felt bad about the whole thing.

When the teams returned for the second half, one of the water boys handed "Chicken" a note. I never saw a fellow change like he did when he read the message! His face lighted up like a Christmas tree, and he was almost choking for joy

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when he looked up to where Mary was sitting and waved. I thought he'd be bouncing up into the stands to kiss her.

There's no need of retelling the story of that second half—about how "Chicken" Morgan played like he was possessed, and how he recovered a blocked punt and won the game. That's history. You hear it wherever you hear about football and Ethan Allen.

The last I saw of him that day he was carrying Mary off to a secluded spot in the fast-emptying stands, talking like a Dutch uncle, while she laughed and cried and hugged him.

Of course you've guessed by now what was in that note:

"Steve, dear, the only reason I broke that date was to make you angry so you'd play harder. But I guess it didn't work. Now I don't care how the old game comes out—it's you and only you that I care about. I've loved you all the time, Mary."

I'm telling you one thing, though: next time I go into a conspiracy with a girl to win a football game, I'm going to see that she sends him the note before the game starts. I nearly had heart failure during that first half.



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on essaying to capture the muse of the essay

(Continued from Page 13)

ful dirge, is moaning an ode to Morpheus, while heavilylidded eyes partly close and strain open again, to force their focus on the work at hand. My tie has been wrenched off and thrown inconsiderately aside, my collar is torn open at the throat, while across the room the typewriter stands, placidly and grimly reminding me that I have accomplished nothing. I will not surrender, success shall be my reward yet. I'll not give in! I shan't; I won't! I'll persevere! I shall! I will! The carpet already shows signs of weakening under repeated assaults. As my foot comes down on the last "I will" the mirror sways precariously, issuing a warning to be less dramatic in my decisiveness. The ash-tray spills, overflowing refuse at each violent step. Still I continue to walk, bereft of even a remote idea. Weary miles of barren stamping bring my resistance to the brink of disaster as I feel the lure of the world magnetizing me from my aspirations. Inglorious end, true—but, oh, such a relief; such a feeling of sweet repose. The reflections are too much for my frayed and feverish mind, so pushing myself into a coat I plod forward into the fog of the night.

A failure am I, and a coward. A dismal example of all that is unmanly, a mountain of dejection, a molehill of rationality.

Oh cursed Muse, may your gleeful dance on the scattered and feeble remnants of a once proud intellect, be ever impaired by my damnations and withering anathemas! May the mutterings of my soul breathe defiance in your leering face of mirth! May the remainder of your days be ever tainted with the memory that this human wreck is the result of your spiteful elusiveness!

JOSEPH M. TALLY

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"submarine terrace"

(Continued from Page 17)

to go up, and if his lots were put into condition with an Ajax Draining System, he could make a lot of money.

They discussed plans, terms, contracts, and finally agreed that she would bring the contract in next morning and he would make the advance payment. That was all. He found himself the object of an appreciative gaze. "My first contract," she smiled gratefully.

Lunching alone, (she had been a trifle embarrassed at declining his invitation), he decided that Phil deserved credit for his hitherto dormant business sagacity. But as usual, he reflected, good old Wes Barton had been one jump ahead. "Wonder where he got his tip?" he asked the curling smoke of an after-lunch cigar. No matter, anyway. If any quick money was to be made on "Submarine Terrace," he was as willing as the next fellow to be in on the cleanup.

At his fiancée's home that evening he had just finished elaborating on the latter theme, when Nina spoke up: "I don't think Phil has any idea of quick profit at all. He was just looking for an investment and thought he'd give you a chance to sell, after all the fretting you've done over that property."

That was his fiancée—always ready with a squelch when he commenced to brag.

"She's right," chimed in her brother. "Besides, what assurance have you of your predicted boom? Not much faith in get-rich-quick schemes, myself."

Nina ignored Wes' derisive snort. "You'd better let Phil take it off your hands before he withdraws the offer. You were saying only last week that the cash would come handy to you right now."

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It looked like a brother and sister game. However, they could look up another prospect, not too clever for them. Nobody was going to horse him out of his property just when he was about to make some money on it. Neither of them liked that. Phil's muttered denial. Nina going icy. In fact, nobody liked plenty of the remarks that flew that evening. He left in a huff.

"Call me a chump, eh? Trying to hook me! Just wait."

Miss Barry wore pink next morning when she called. With ruffles. Very sweet, he thought.

"Accept my luncheon invite today?" he asked as he handed over the advance check. "Sort of put business relations on a friendly basis, y'know."

Of course the confounded Phil would see them as they left the building together. Not that he felt guilty, of course—just a business acquaintance—but Nina would make nasty cracks.

"This is Phil Canfield, Miss Barry. The young lady who spoiled your little deal, Phil."

Phil didn't think it was funny. "Join us for lunch? No? See you again, old boy," grinned Wes as they swung gaily off.

Lunch was particularly enjoyable that day. She was rather demure—but, Wes thought—flatteringly attentive as he described at length how it felt to be a business success and only two years out of college. Too bad Nina couldn't be a little more sympathetic, at times.

So vivid was the impression she left that he found his thoughts disturbed for the rest of the afternoon. Nina was out when he phoned, and he wasn't particularly resentful. . . .

He did resent the implication in the note that awaited him at home that evening, however: "...leaving for the West

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Coast tomorrow. Perhaps your *business adviser* will help you while away the lonely (?) hours."

Humph! The words of his reply bit into the stationery like drops of acid. Her mean suspicions were unwelcome, he intimated none too delicately. And furthermore, she needn't act that way just because he refused to let Phil profit at his expense. He dispatched the note by messenger and went to bed.

His reply had been really good. So good, in fact, that it won him a beautifully slightly-used engagement ring by mail next evening.

"Two broken engagements in one day," he grimly sympathized with himself. Then he sat beside the radio, looked into space, and wondered which broken engagement hurt more. Lona Barry had not shown up for their luncheon date that noon, and he was vaguely curious to know if Nina would stoop to butting in.

Music played softly. An hour ticked away. Subconsciously, he heard the news flashes as they poured accounts of the day's triumphs and tragedies out of the loud speaker. Finally:

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